

The Psychology of Lies

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[Dámhsgoil Neamhachais na hErend](#)

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Last thursday, 10th Oct, was world mental health day. I returned to Skibbereen from Kerry, because I had also organised a Reiki session. I had been doing a lot of work and needed some tcl. The event in the West Cork Hotel was organised by volunteers and professionals working to support Mental Health in the area. I have to be brutally honest in what I say, and many people will not like it. The mental health support is based on manipulation and lies. I have an extraordinarily good friend who has been hospitalised forty during the last forty odd years. At one time he told me that he had spent a quarter of his life in hospital. He is on a regime of drugs which is frightening. One counteracting the ill effects of another.

So where is the lie?

These Professors of psychiatry are simply drug pushers. They use their patients as guinea pigs in pharmaceutical trials. 'Oh! if this doesn't work, we'll try something else.' The problem is that they are using a wrong model of the nature of the mind. We possess a quantum mind, which by it's nature is unpredictable until we gain the ability to bring our attention fully in line with the totality of the field of consciousness which underlies physical manifestation. Matter is an epiphenomenon of consciousness. The individual mind, the self, the personality, whatever sits between the universal field of consciousness and it's physical manifestation in terms of the brain neurophysiology, and the body. Psychiatrists who use a drug regime are trying to influence something which is far, far, deeper.

This is the first lie. In a sense the notion that drugs can ever cure a mental instability. They may have their place for short term but not as a long term resolution. That last word in itself is significant. There is no possibility of solving issues related to mental imbalance. It is not a mathematical, neurophysiological or chemical puzzle, trying to look at it in that way creates false promises and false treatments. There is a resolution however which will allow people to grow, to evolve, in to the brilliant minds that they can be. People need to be very careful of the opinion of experts. Experts use big words to obfuscate their lack of knowledge. People should be discriminatory about my own words. Weigh them carefully, and then decide. One piece of advice I would give to anyone with mental health issues is to read the material on the TM-Ireland website. I am not a teacher of TM, I have no direct involvement with the organisation for more than 13 years. But I have practiced the technique for more than 21 years, and it does work. I spent four years studying the research and I can assert it's veracity.

So much for that. Yesterday I met a man who was also at the gathering in the West Cork. He asked me what I felt about it. I said that most of it was fine, but that there were certain things that I felt were manipulative. One in particular was where a lady was directing the whole audience in childish songs. She was not Irish, and tended to treat the crowd as children. You don't do that with adults. You treat them with respect, sternly if necessary, but you respect the fact that they are adults not children. There were also a lot of artists there who are using the mental health support services as a means of promoting their own grandiose opinions of themselves. Art does play a part of course, but

Finally I wish to talk about one issue which befuddles me, and it relates to language. The whole session was opened with an address by Dr. Pat Bracken, who has headed up the mental health support services in West Cork, for the past while. During his opening address, he mentioned the word *recovery* and suggested that it was important that the word did not loose power, that it did not become like the word *green* which has completely lost it's meaning. As he was speaking I wrote the following poem, which I later recited on camera.

CAO É AN BEALAĆ CUN
 TREO NUA D'FÁIL
 LEO SAOL A AÍTÓIRIÚ
 AN BEALAĆ ÉAR AN CÓNAR ÁIRO
 IS TÚ IO AONAR
 SAN CARAD I DTEANNTA LEAT
 UALAĆ TROM AR DO SUAILIANN
 UALAĆ LÁN LE BAILCISÍ DO SÁOL
 TÓZANN TÚ AMAĆ CÉANN DÓIB
 CUN É A CÚR UAIT
 AC TAZANN SÉ AR AIS CÚZAT
 LE CARAD I DTEANNTA LEIS
 CUIRINEAM SCAACAĆ
 SAN BLAS MILLIS
 SEARB IO MEON
 MOÚ MEIRGEAC
 SAN SOLÚBAC
 SAN TÁIS
 TÓZANN É ÁM
 LEO ANAM A IONÚ
 AGUS SMAOINEAM FÍORAIOILEASAC
 A CÚR ANÍOS Ó FOINSE
 TOBAR NA HAILLISE

I won't translate it but I will recite it and talk about it at my Facebook event Mind Games, due to be held in the Town Hall Skibbereen, on Friday 8th November 2013. Don't worry if you can't get there, as I will video my contribution live, and then make it available on the web. Don't worry, none of the other participants will be on video unless they wish to be. By the way, the title of the poem refers to 'Remaking a Fresh Mind.' You do not need to recover anything, as we all know the psychological method of recovering memories is very dangerous. Memories are raised up from the past, and have to be dealt with in the present. But you cannot deal with the past in the present, this will create a temporal anomaly. I have my own techniques which again I will present at Mind Games. I know they work, because I used them this summer during my 10 week journey around Kerry and Cork. I will only present them live, otherwise they won't be comprehended fully. They may seem a bit whacky, but then I'm totally *in sane*. There is a very famous line of poetry, from Dryden's Absalom and Achitophail, which goes as follows.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin divisions do their bounds elide

This is actually misquoted in Soundings, which was edited by Augustin Martin. Instead of elide, the version used in our schools has the word divide. My father had an early edition of Dryden's poetry, and it was there that I found the correct version. [Elision](#) as I comprehend it in this context is the touching of two letters in the written form of certain fonts. It is related to the concept of [osculation](#) in Mathematical Physics.

Finally I wish to finish with another poem, which I wrote on the covered bridge next to the West Cork Hotel.

Pursuit of Language

It comes back to language again
An insufficiency of abstraction
Without light shining through
Words gapped
Creating rust in the soul
Names unable to reflect
The power of true light
The light of heaven
Lifting the gloom of doom
Language is used for judgement
To describe the indescribable
To express that quality of clarity
Which only refined attention feels
Attention honed by dipping
Into the ocean of consciousness
Conscious of deep inner intelligence
The drum beats
The *bodhrán* opens the ear
We release all fear
And find our own truth

The essential point about language is that the language used in a therapeutic situation is significant. I find it very difficult to comprehend that there are no therapeutic services available in our Mother Tongue. A friend of mine is currently being destroyed by treatment centres, who do not know how to deal with him. I know exactly what he needs. He is a native Irish speaker and he requires talk therapy through the Irish language. The failure of the mental health services to provide this is in direct breach of Article 1 of the Constitution of Ireland. Which I quote here in both Irish and English.

ΑΙΡΤΕΑΣΑΛ 1

Θεϊμνίονν náisiún na hÉireann leis seo a gceart doḡannṫa, doḡloíte, ceannasac̃ cun cibé cineál Rialtais is roḡa leo féin a bunú, cun a gcaiream̃ le náisiún eile a cinnear, agus cun a saol polaitíoc̃ta is geilleasair is saíoc̃ta a cur ar aḡaiõ de réir óúcais is ḡnás a sinsear.

ARTICLE 1

The Irish nation hereby affirms its inalienable, indefeasible, and sovereign right to choose its own form of Government, to determine its relations with other nations, and to develop its life, political, economic and cultural, in accordance with its own genius and traditions.

This is not being done by the whole of the mental health services. Every time a psychiatrist, psychologist or therapist sees a person in any situation in Ireland, they are breaking Article 1. How many thousands of times is this happening every day. It is not that the practitioner needs to express everything in Irish, it is that they need to bring their knowledge in to Irish and then re-express it. I am willing to help therapists to do this, at a certain cost of course.

I could go on, because I had a very long chat this morning with my principal advisor in relation to the state of mental health services in Ireland.

He gave me two words which I wish to discuss. The first is dysphoria, which is defined in the dictionary as,

dysphoria noun Psychiatry

a state of unease or generalised dissatisfaction with life. The opposite of euphoria .

So how do we adapt this into Irish. There is no word in De Baldráithe for it, which means that it is a new fangled word. There is however a word for euphoria and it is méir̃oréis or eirí croí. The first of these according to Dinneen's school dictionary is mirthful or joyous. The second relates to rising from the heart. Often times people are put on unnecessary prescription drugs, simply for being happy. The happiness wells up from the heart, it is not a mental condition at all. Dysphoria may then be adapted in to Irish as eam̃ér̃oréis, where the prefix ea- relates to easpa, or a lack of something. I cannot comprehend how people are convinced by so called professionals that being happy or sad are not part of a normal life. Of course at times people may experience the emotions excessively, and in that case I will recommend that they find out about [Ayur Veda](#), the knowledge of life. In time I will have experts come to my academy, either in person, or on-line where we can begin the process of locating the knowledge of Ayur Veda, within our own tradition of knowledge. I already know a man who has the names of more than 30,000 processes in the human physiology, in Irish. That is an extraordinarily important collection of knowledge.

The second word is impish. My advisor Oller told me a story that during one of his hospitalisations his therapist said that he had been very impish the day before. He said to a grown man, 'I bet you don't know what that means.' Oller got up and walked out of the session, throwing the remark back, 'what do you think I am, a psychologist. I've been educated, I have knowledge and manners.' That's interesting because in Irish lack of knowledge is eim̃éasacht, coming from píos which is knowledge, and is also related to awareness. Lack of manners is eim̃béasacht, coming from béas which is manners. The arrogance of these professionals is appalling.

The actual word impish is interesting,

impish adjective

inclined to do slightly naughty things for fun; mischievous.

So a patient in a psychiatric unit is told off for being a little bit funny. The psychiatric services are waging a psychiatric war on people. Where did all this come from. From the death camps in Europe, and from the master strategist of words, Goebbels. They should be ashamed of themselves.

An Irish word for impish is *ádhailleac* or *rózánta*. The first relates to *adairíal -mla air*, which is lively or bright. How dare this therapist criticise my advisor for expressing his natural liveliness and brightness. What utter cheek, from an arrogant profession. They will all have to be re-trained, by me. I interacted with certain things when I was in the Army, but I was lucky I met a psychiatrist who had respect. Later I met a therapist who showed me extraordinary compassion.

That is what is lacking from our mental health services. Compassion is one of the most difficult things to learn, and I learned it in the University of Compassion, the room on Patrick's Hill. I no longer need to go there, but I do have great friends there, some of whom are a little bit lost.

Sin é,

Brian

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